



Sugar High School



👁 30 ✓ 2 ★ 3

Chapter 1 by StarSerene

I was angry. No, not angry. Infuriated. I needed sugar. I needed to get home. I needed to get to the pantry. But school wasn't even halfway done. I groaned.

"Psssst! Samantha!" I whispered to my best buddy. "Do you have sugar?"

"Yeah," she whispered back. "It's in my backpack. Can you wait 'til the break?"

"Ugh!" I moaned. "Class just started! I'm going to die!" I cried. Unfortunately, the last part was out loud.

"Excuse me, Miss Bradshaw? Is everything all right?"

"Yeah," I muttered, embarrassed.

"Well then, I suggest you tell us why you are going to die?" Mrs. Stinkface said. No, really. That was her name. Either that, or I was dyslexic.

"Umm... well..." I peeped, thinking fast. "I really need to use the restroom! Can I please go?" I

asked looking slightly embarrassed (That wasn't hard!) and scared (That wasn't hard either!).

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[Be quiet, Alexa! Sheesh! I'm not sure!]

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Sorry, that was my sister. Her name is one letter off from mine.

Back to the story.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Stinkface. "If you must."

I rushed out the door and into the bathroom. Hopefully Samantha would bring the candy. Otherwise, I probably would die. I could already feel myself hyperventilating.

"Oh no. Oh no, no, no, no! I am NOT going to blow up another school. No, no, no, no!" I cried desperately.

My breathing became rapid.

"Sh-sh-sh-sh-SUGAR!!!" I screamed.

Chapter 2 by StarSerene



~Alexa's POV~

I woke, the nightmarish view of my dream coming into play. I had seen it, again and again. I rolled over on my bunk, and hissed down to the bottom bunk.

"Psst. Lexa! You awake?" I asked.

"I am now," she grumbled. "What's the big deal?"

"Did you have the same nightmare again?" I inquired. "I know I did."

"Of the day I blew up the second school? Yeah." Lexa mumbled.

"I guess I'm glad that Sugar High School decided to take us in. I don't think I could stand it if normal people kept thinking that I was you, and you were me. Then I'd keep getting in trouble."

"Yeah, whatever," Lexa replied. "At least I had friends. I miss Samantha. I miss Mom and Dad. I miss Jaxton," she cried. "And it seems to me that you never will! Do you even care about little Jaxton? Do you?"

"Yes, Lexa. Very much." I whispered.

"Well, you don't act like it," she whispered back.

"I miss him so much. I miss Mom and Dad, I want to give them a hug, and cuddle in bed with

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